Enter Gratiano.

Grati. Faire sir, you are well ore-tane:
My L. *Bassanio* vpon more aduice,
hath sent you heere this ring, and doth intreate
your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be;
his ring I doe accept most thankfully,
and so I pray you tell him: furthermore,
I pray you shew my youth old *Shylockes* house.

Gra. That will I doe.

Ner. Sir, *I* would speake with you:
Ile see if *I* can get my husbands ring
vvhich I did make him sweare to keepe for euer.

Por. Thou maist I warrant, we shal haue old swearing
that they did giue the rings away to men;
but wele out-face them, and out-sweare them to:
away, make hast, thou knowst where I will tarry.

Ner. Come good sir, will yov shew me to this house.

Enter Lorenzo and Iessica.

Lor. The moone shines bright. In such a night as this,
vvhen the sweet winde did gently kisse the trees,
and they did make no noyse, in such a night
Troylus me thinks mounted the Troian walls,
and sigh'd his soule toward the Grecian tents
vvhere *Cressed* lay that night.

Iess. In such a night
did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
and saw the Lyons shadow ere him selfe,
and ranne dismayed away.

Loren. In such a night
stoode *Dido* with a willow in her hand
vpon the wilde sea banks, and waft her Loue
to come againe to Carthage.

Iess. In such a night
Medea gathered the inchanted hearbs
that did renew old *Eson*.

Loren. In such a night

did

did *Iessica* steale from the wealth
and with an vnthrift loue did ru
as farre as Belmont.

Iess. In such a night
did young *Lorenzo* sweare he lo
stealing her soule with many vo
and nere a true one.

Loren. In such a night
did pretty *Iessica* (like a little shr
slaunder her Loue, and he forg

Iess. I would out-night you
But harke, I heare the footing

Enter a Messen

Loren. Who comes so fast in

Messen. A friend?

Loren. A friend, what friend

Mess. Stephano is my name, a
my Mistres will before the brea
beheere at Belmont, she doth
by holy crosses where she knee
for happy wedlock houres.

Loren. Who comes with her

Mess. None but a holy Her
I pray you is my Maister yet re

Loren. He is not, nor we hau
But goe we in I pray thee *Iessic*
and ceremoniously let vs prepa
some welcome for the Mistres

Clowne. Sola, sola: wo ha, h

Loren. Who calls?

Clo. Sola, did you see M. *Lor*

Loren. Leaue hollowing ma

Clowne. Sola, where, where

Loren. Heere?

Clow. Tell him there's a Po
horne full of good newes, my
sweete soule.

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